

Drooping Soul, Shake Off Thy Fears
by Charles Wesley

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears.
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong
Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word;
On his word my soul I cast
(He cannot himself deny)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have,
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall his salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
I from sin shall he set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou;
Thou hast saved me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.